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SAM. PEPYS CAR. ET IAC. ANGL. REGIB.  
A SECRETIS ADMIRALIA.

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There begynneth the Justes of the moneth  
of Maye pasturnyshed & done by Char-  
les brandon. Thomas knyvet. Gyles Ca-  
pell / & Wylliam Hussy. The. xxi. yere of  
the reygne of our souerayne lord kynge  
Henry the seventh.





**T**he moneth of May with amorous beloued  
Blasuntly past wherein there hath ben pured  
feates of armies and no persones reproued  
That had courage

**I**n armour bryght to shewe theyr personage  
On stedes stronge sturdy and corsage  
But rather praysed for theyr bassellage  
As reason was

**I**n whiche season thus fortunied the cace  
A lady fayre moost beautiuous of face  
With seruauntes foure brought was in to a place  
Staged about

**W**heron stode lordes and ladyes a grete route  
And many a knyght and squyer also stoute  
That the place was as full as it be mought  
On euery syde

**T**hat to beholde the Justes dyde abyde  
Tyll that the pyle by the Judges was tryed  
And by the herodes that trouthe well espyed  
Therefore puruayde

**T**hus these foure seruauntes of this lady foresayd  
Entred the felde there for to be assayde  
Gorgyously apparayled and arayde  
And for pleasaunce

**A**nd in a maner for a cognysaunce  
Of Mayes moneth they bare a souenaunce  
Of a beste coole was the resembelaunce  
Catched ryght fast



About theyr neckes as longe as May dyde laste  
But about theyr neckes it was not caste  
For chalége but they were it tyll May was past  
Redy to Just

Theyr armure clere relucient without ruste  
Theyr hoxes barbed trottyng on the duste  
Procured gentyll hertes vnto luste  
And to solace

Specyally suche as Venus dyde embrace  
Or as of Cupyde folowed the trace  
Or suche as of Mars desyred the grace  
For to attayne

And as touchyng this lady souerayne  
Had suche beaute it wolde an herte constrayne  
To serue her though he knewe so lese his payne  
She was so chene

She and her seruauntes clad were all in grene  
Her fctures freshe none can dyscryue I wene  
For beaute she myght well haue ben a quene  
She yonge of aage

Was set moste goodly hye vpon a stage  
Under a hauchorne made by the ourage  
Of floza that is of heuynly parage  
In her hande was

Of halfe an houre with sande rennyng a glas  
So contrnyed it kepte truly the space  
Of the halfe houre and dyde it neuer passe  
But for to tell

**T**how this lady that so ferre dyde excell  
Was named yf I aduise me well  
Lady of May she bryght/after Aprell  
Began her regne.

**W**hole tyme dur yge her seruañtes toke grete payne.  
Before her to shewe pleasure souerayne.  
So that in felde who that came them agayne  
In armoure bryght.

**O**n horsbacke mounted for to proue theyr myght  
Two seruañtes of this lady of delyte  
Sholde be mounted/armed/and redy dyght  
At a tyltes ende

**T**hat to parfurnyshe theyr chalenge dyde entende  
Fyrst one of them halfe houre sholde dyspende  
With hym that came fyrste in felde to defende  
With coronall.

**W**ith grete speres that were not shapen small  
And whan a spere was broken forthewithall  
The trompettes blew with sounes musycall  
Halfe houre done

**A**nother challenger was redy sone  
With another defendaunt to rone  
And so the defendautes one after one  
Eche day by rwayne

**C**halengers answered were to theyr grete payne  
And attypled it was in wordes playne  
That yf a challenger ony hurte dyde sustayne  
Another myght



**O**f his felowes came to felde redy dyght  
To maynteyne his felowes challenge and ryght  
Theyr artycles also dyde it recyte  
Thus who came there

**H**orsed and in armoure burnysched clere  
As a defendaunt he sholde chose his spere  
And tynne halfe houre with a chalengere  
Whiche sealon doone

**A** trumpet blew to gyue warnynge ryght soone  
Thus the Justes helde frome twayne after none  
Tyll syre was strycke of clockes mo than one  
Whiche houres past

**T**he defendauntes the tylte a bout compass  
And with trumpettes out of the felde they pass  
The chalengers in the felde abode laste  
Euery eche day

**A**nd one of them the lady dyde conuaye  
That named was the yonge lady of May  
Frome her hye stage with floures made so gape  
And there redy

**W**as his felawe hym to accompany  
Thus the chalengers melodiously  
About the tylte rode also ryght warrelly  
In theyr armure

**C**omplete saue of theyr heed peces pure  
And in this wyse they made departure  
Accompanyed with many a creature  
Yonge and lusty



¶ On horsen gambawdyng wonderously  
That it seemed as to a mannes eye  
That they wolde haue hanged still in the skye  
Oher there were.

¶ That were Joly and gorgyas in theyr gere  
And whan they lyst coude well handle a spere  
That came eche day to serue other men there  
On eche party.

¶ And dyde in eche thyng indifferently  
It came be ye sure of ryght grete curtesy  
Of the chalengers I shall you certesfy  
How they were prest.

¶ Twyse in the weke in the felde redy drest  
Duryng the May and chosen for dayes best  
Were sondaye and thursday and metelyst  
To shewe pleasure

¶ With speres grete them to auenture  
And who in presence of this lady pure  
Broke moost speres a golde ryng sholde recure  
Of this lady.

¶ And a rayne on the party contrary  
Yf the defendaunt on his party  
Of speres allowed broke not so many  
As chalengere.

¶ Or he went thens humbly he sholde apere  
Before this lady moost comly of chere  
And to present vnto her a ryng there  
This orde set.

**T**was with artycles moo wherof to treate  
Sholde be to longe but who best had the seate  
Was gladdest man but he the pryce byde gets  
That speres brake

**M**ost in the felde yet other had no lake  
Of speres brekynge for to herte the crake  
Holde cause ony lussy herte pleasure to take  
What with the brute

**O**f trumpettes and many an other flute  
Of taboypns and of many a douce lute  
The mynstrelles were properly clade in lute  
All this deuyle

**T**was worthy prayse after my poore aduysse  
Syth it was to no mannes preiudysse  
To passe the tyme this merciall exercysse  
Was commendable.

**S**pecially for folkes honourable  
And for other gentylmen therto able.  
And for defence of realmes profytable  
Is the blage.

**T**herfore good is to haue parfyght knowlage  
For all men that haue youth or metely age  
How in the spere theyr enemyes to outrage  
At euery nede.

**A**nd how he sholde also gouerne his stede  
And for to vie in stede of other wede  
To were armure complete from fote to hede  
Is ryght metely.



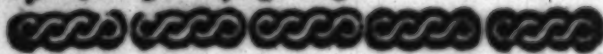
**I**t encourageth also a body  
Enforcynge hym to be the more hardy  
And syth it is so necessary

**T**hem commende  
That to defende  
Them selfe pretende  
Walyauntly

**A**nd dyscommende  
Them that dyspende  
Theyr lyfe to ende  
In vayne foly

**S**ome reprechende  
Suche as entende  
To condescende  
To chyualry

**G**od them amende  
And grace them sende  
Not to offende  
More tyll they depe



**T**hende of the Justes of Maye.



**H**ere begynneth the Justes and tourney of þ moneth  
 of June parfurnysshed and done by Rycharde Graye  
 erle of Kent by Charles brandon w theyr two aydes  
 agaynst all comers. The. xxi. yere of the reygne of our  
 souerayne lozde kyng Henry þ leuenth.



**A**s moche as yonge folke can not deuyle.  
 To passe tyme in more noble exercyse  
 Than in the auncient knyghtes practyse  
 Of dayes olde.

¶ That were in tyme of Arthur kynge mooste bolde  
That this realme than named Brytayne dyde holde  
Of whose rounde table and noble housholde  
Were knyghtes good

¶ And dyuers of them bozne of ryall blode  
And other that were of ryght manly mode  
That auentred bothe through forrest and flode  
To gete honoure

¶ Remembraunce wherof sholde in euery houre  
Be vnto vs dayly a parfyte myrroure  
So that we sholde enforce vs to our powre  
To wyne suche lose

¶ As these knyghtes that were byctozpote  
And though that it be now moze sumptuose  
Than than syth Mayes seruauntes gracypote  
Hath put in bre

¶ Of aunterose the olde auenture  
Called somtyme cheualrous pleasure  
Wherby they haue wonne of eche creature  
Laude in this Maye

¶ Duryng the moneth of June euery sonday  
Two chalengers in blewe dyde them assaye  
Of horse and man fyrst day was theyr araye  
Sarcenet blue

¶ And theyr armoure paynted of the same hue  
At the felde ende was pyght for to say true  
A pauplyon on the grasse fresche and nue  
Wherin these rwayne



Chalengers for to arme them dyde remaine  
Whan they were armed at ease without payne  
They yssued to begyn with all theyr mayne  
Theyr challenge there

Ageynst all defendantes that wolde appere  
After the entre as is the manere  
About the felde they were brought every where  
That was all playne

Without a tylte abydyng tyme certayne  
By the kyng assigned our pryncce soueraigne  
With spoyres sharpe two courses to sustayne  
In blanke armure

Ageynst eche comer that lyst to aduenture  
The courses done with swerdes sharpe and sure  
Sawe onely of theyr poyntes rebature  
They dyde tourney

Full strokes for eche other to assaye  
And eche man dyde his best I dare well say  
Everyche of theym thought to bere the pryce away  
Theyr strokes done

The defendaunt presented hym selfe soone  
Before a pryncesse that of this regyon  
Hath to fader kyng and Emperoure alone  
Whose vyctory

Thye magesty with tryumphaut regally  
And noble fame of prudent polycy  
Knownen is in every realme bulgarely  
To his honoure



¶ And to oures of whome he is gouernoure  
Frome this royall reed rose and stately floure  
And frome the whyte of all vertue myrroure  
This ponge lady

¶ This comfortable blossome named Mary  
Spronge is to all Englonde's glozy  
With bothe roses ennued moost swetely  
By dame nature

¶ That euery thyng lyuyng hath in her cure  
But whan she made this propre portrapture  
She dyde that myght be done to creature:  
And not onely

¶ For excellent byrthe but surmountyng beauty  
In the worlde of her aegge moost womanly  
Lyke to be to pryncesses exemplary  
For her vertue

¶ Unto whiche pryncesse the defendauntes dyde selwe.  
Beschyng her grace to haue syr strokes newe  
To whose request this pryncesse fresche of hewe  
Byght soone dyde graunte

¶ Whiche had they retourned on horses puyssaunt  
And gaue syr strokes the chalengers to daunt  
But who dyde best I make none awaunt  
But thus it was

¶ Pyeces of harneys flewe in to the place  
Theyr swerdes brake they smote thicke and a pace  
They spared not coys/armyt/ nor yet bambrace  
They lyst not spoite

**F**or there were none of all the lusty sorte  
That scaped fre and he the trouthe reporte  
To all beholders it dyde grete conforste  
And fyrst of all

**T**o se the speres fle in tronchons small  
And to here the trompettes so musycall  
It was an armony moost specyall  
The tournay done

**D**yuers defendauntes touched theyr chalenge sone  
In the kynges presence thoughte I name none  
That for the same had made prouysyon  
Thus this day paste

**A**he nexte sonday the chalengers in hast  
Entre the felde and by the kyng they past  
And obeyssauntly doune theyr heedes they cast  
And theyr araye

**W**as blue bardekyn of horse and man that daye  
The trompettes and other dyde them conuey  
About the felde and frome them went away  
In for to brynge

**T**he defendauntes that made shorte taryenge  
On horses barbed ryght ryche to mysemynge  
Whiche made after theyr in comynge  
Theyr obeyssaunce

**U**nto the kyng bothe of Englonde and of fraunce  
And theye to them with speres dyde auance  
And who that fyrst sholde proue his valyaunce  
He chose his spere



**T**he other to a challenger one dyde bere  
Shortly with them togyder they ranne there  
As though neyther of them other dyde fere  
And so they ran.

**T**ill they had had two courses every man.  
And than the toynay sharply they began  
And as they dyde the fyrste day they dyde than  
Walpauntly.

**T**he artycles dyde also specyf  
The challengers sholde haue in company  
Aydes twayne that sholde be there redy  
And so they had.

**T**hat to armes were desyrous and glad  
And it appered by theyr strokes sad  
Theyr armes ought not to be called bad  
Who toke good hede.

**T**his day a challenger was hurte in dede  
For whiche an ayde came that daye in his stede  
To byd hym hast hym doubte not it was no nede  
To the turnay.

**I**t were to longe to tell all done that day  
Therefore I wyll it for this tyme delay  
And parte I wyll shewe of the last sonday  
That Justes were.

**T**he challengers and theyr aydes in fere  
Were all present and goygvas in theyr gere  
Blew clothe of golde that were costly and dere  
Bothe hoxle and man.



¶ And to be shorte yf they the fyrst day wan  
Eche man honour in lyke wyse they dyd than  
They were conimended of suche as tell can  
Therof the gysle.

¶ Though soles vnconnyng lylt some despyse  
And one of them sholde iuche a thyng enterpryse  
I deme he wolde be a synple pzentyle  
To chyualry.

¶ Yet suche that lewde be / be moost besy  
To repozte of gentylmen vylany  
And yet wyse men there beyng seeth not why  
Lay that aparte.

¶ And of theyr chalenge I wyll you aduerte  
In asure beyng a whyte enamelede herte  
Bytwene .x. and .xj. playn and ouerte  
Whiche were applyed.

¶ To Roy Henry, and eke it sygnifyed  
In stedfast asure a colour constant tryed  
That the whyte herte wout spot sholde abyde  
Euer in one

¶ This was therof the hole entencion  
Though ony after his oppnyon  
To the chalengers reprehensyon  
Nylt other say.

¶ Thus in blewe clad they wente the fyrst sonday  
In sygne as the colour of theyr aray  
Betokened so wolde they be alway  
Stedfast and true.

¶ And thoughe eche sonday they were chaunged newe  
In theyr apparayle yet the coloure blewe  
Of theyr chalenge was the lpyurey and hue  
In whiche coloure

¶ Theyr hertes whyte and pure in every houre  
Shall truely reste for ony stozme or shoure  
And to serue ever truely to theyr powre  
Our kynges royall

¶ That is our souerayne and prynce naturall  
Whose noble actes and faytes mercypall  
Shall be had in remembraunce immortall  
The worlde through out

¶ And for to speke now of this lusty route  
With swere and swerde they were sturdy and stoute  
As I am enfourmed without doute  
Further also

¶ Artycles made there were many one mo  
But as it lyked the kynges all was do  
And reason was also it sholde be so  
For for his sake

¶ This thyng of pleasure was there undertake  
For in his presence this pastyme to make  
Was to cause solace in hyni to awake  
This theyr entente

¶ Was herely after my Iugement  
And fyrst of all of Rycharde erle of Bent  
And in lyke wyse of all the remanent  
And in party



**F**or to say true I exsteme verely  
Every man of them was the more redy  
Perceyvinge that our yonge prynce Henry  
Sholde it beholde

**W**hiche was to them more conforzte manyfolde  
Than of the worlde all the treasure and golde  
His presence gaue theym courage to be bolde  
And to endure

**S**yth our prynce moost comly of stature,  
Is desyrus to the moost knyghtly bre  
Of armes to whiche marcyall aventure  
Is his courage

**N**otwithstondyng his yonge and tender aeye  
He is moost comly of his parsonage  
And as desyrus to this ourage  
As prynce may be

**A**nd thoughe a prynce and kynges soue be he  
It pleaeth hym of his benygnyte  
To suffre gentylmen of lowe degre  
In his presence

**T**o speke of armes and of other defence  
Without doyng vnto his grace offence  
But and I sholde do all my delygence  
Yet in no wyse

**C**an I determyne who that wanne the pryce  
For eche man dyde the best he coude deuyse  
And therfore I can none of them dyspyle  
They dyde so well

**T**he Juges that marked it best can tell  
And the herodes that wrote everydell  
Who wan the gree to me it is counsell  
But in this wyse

**T**his weerly blage and martes entrepryse  
These monthes cwayne ponge folke dyde exerceyse  
Not onely therof to haue the practyse  
But the chyet thyng

**W**as to shewe pleasure to our souerayne the kyng  
Henry of that name the seuench in rekenyng  
After the conquest for whose preicruyng  
Here vs styll pray

**T**hat he may lyue prosperously alway  
And after this lyfe that he also may  
Joye amonge aungelles for euer and ay  
And his yllue

**A**fter hym longe to reygne and contynue  
And that theyr subgeties to them may be true  
And that they may perceue in vertue  
And come to blyss

Perpetuall  
Where euer is  
Hath be and shall  
Joye eternall  
Amen say we  
For chaunce



Some are so accustomed euer to reports  
That with grete payne / frankly they can say well  
For and one were stronge / as Sampson le forte  
As manly as Hector / that dyde excell  
As wyse as sage Salamon in counsell  
Or had wonne conquestes / as dyde Alexandre  
Yet false tonges wolde be redy to slaundre

Lyke wyse yf they / that dyde Just and tourney  
Had done as well / as Launcelot du lake  
Some of enuy dysdeynously wolde say  
The entrepryse was fondly undertake  
But it was done but onely for the sake  
Of kynge Henry our naturall souerayne lord  
And of the pryncce / who lyst it to remorde

*J. x. m. m.*